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Humbly Dedicated to His GRACE

The Duke of *BOLTON*,

Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Houshold,
Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter,

AND

One of the LORDS of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy-Council, *&c.*

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna:
Jam NOVA PROGENIES Cælo demittitur alto. Virgil.

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My LORD,

I *Hope Your Grace will excuse me for begging Your Protection for this rough Piece, which is my First Fruits: And as the Ancients formerly offer'd Theirs to their Protectors and Benefactors, so I with the humblest Respect make bold to lay it (tho' far unworthy of so great an Honour) at Your Grace's Feet; conscious of what Treatment so un-*

unfledged a Work muſt meet with in the World, unleſs ſupported and protected by One, whoſe Character is above the Reach of Malice or Detraction, and defies Calumny itſelf to put a Spot or Blemiſh on their unſullied Honour. Who then could I ſo properly Addreſs to, (if Gratitude did not point me out Your Grace) as the Duke of BOLTON; *ſo fam'd for the Beſt of Patriots, ſo Exemplary for the Love and Value You have ſhewn on all Occaſions for Your Country; ſo Renown'd for Maintaining our Liberties, Rights and Privileges; in ſhort, ſo noted for Diſcharging all Stations with the greateſt Honour and Honeſty, worthy the Fortune, Titles and Honours You deſervedly enjoy: But Your Grace's Character is too univerſally known, to want my repeating of it, and muſt loſe all its Beauties from ſo weak and incapacitated an Hand as mine. I can only ſay with* Virgil,

Oh mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima Vitæ,
Spiritus & quantum ſat erit, tua dicere facta:
Non me Carminibus vincet nectracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus: huic Mater quamvis, atque huic Pater adſit,
Orpheo Calliopea, Lino formoſus Apollo.

It is, my Lord, the firſt Fault I e'er committed of the kind; and had not the Subject inſpir'd me with an unuſual Warmth and Zeal to declare the Satisfaction, I, and all good Men, muſt have in the Bleſſing and Happineſs we now do, and ſhall hereafter enjoy, from ſo good, ſo great an Houſe as that of HANOVER; *I had ſtill*

been ſilent, and not troubled Your Grace with a Piece, which has nothing to commend it, but the Subject: Therefore conſcious of my Incapacity, to You I fly for Succour and Defence; being well aſſur'd, that a Piece, tho' in it ſelf never ſo poor and inſignificant, will, with Your Grace's Name prefix'd, in ſpight of Malice flouriſh; and, like an Altar, dedicated to an Heavenly Pow'r, be kept hallow'd and protected from the Inſults of inveterate Criticks, and cenſorious Tongues.

But I fear I tire Your Grace, and only beg leave to aſſure You, That, if You Honour me with the Peruſal of it, and Your Grace's Patronage, I have my Ends; ſhall always eſteem it as the greateſt Favour, and think my ſelf never ſo much Honour'd, never ſo Happy, as when Your Grace gives me leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf, with the greateſt Duty and Reſpect,

Your GRACE's

Moſt Devoted,

Moſt Obliged,

Humble Servant.

DEDICATION.

To

Your GRACES

Most Devoted,

Most Obliged,

Humble Servant.

THE PATRIOT.

A POEM.

AMONGST the numerous Crouds, that daily preſs
To hail your Merits, and their Joys confeſs,
Accept the Tribute of my Infant Muſe,
And, ſmiling, Vigour on her Birth infuſe.
Paſs by th' Omiſſions of her callow Flight;
An Eaglet cannot ſoar an Eagle's height:
Long has ſhe ſtruggling for a Paſſage been,
Attempted oft to Breathe, but ſtill in vain;
Her Pinions yet alas! too feeble were
To ſoar aloft, or tempt the Midway Air,
Unſkill'd ſo dangerous a Coaſt to ſteer.

As the young Offspring of the feather'd Kind
Eſſays to flye, yet quivering dreads the Wind;
Raiſes her Downy Wings, then ſinks again,
And finds without a friendly Gale 'tis ſtill in vain.
So my poor Muſe——But yet ſhe'll boldly dare;
Knowing, if you protect, ſh'has nought to fear;
For even Criticks then per-force muſt ſpare.

Whilſt abler Poets in immortal Lays,
Enhance their own, by ſinging *GEORGE*'s, Praiſe;
Whilſt all their boundleſs Joys their Bliſs proclaim,
(All that are worthy of an honeſt Name,)
And jointly bleſs the Day that He to Save us came:
With an unuſual Warmth and Zeal Inſpir'd,
By my dear Country's Good and Freedom fir'd;
I, though unskill'd, conſcious of Want of Pow'r,
I, that ne'er aim'd at ſuch a Task before,
Now cannot but my boundleſs Joys expreſs,
And that Propitious Hour, with Tranſports Bleſs,
That gave Him Birth, and us eternal Happineſs:
For, without Him, in vain had *WILLIAM* Toil'd,
In vain had Conqueſts on His Actions ſmil'd:
His Works without Him could been ne'er compleat,
And He in vain had been Succeſsful, Good, and Great.

But

But hail *Auguſta!* Favourite of Heav'n!
[Favourite indeed! when ſuch a Treaſure's given]
Th' Almighty heard the Pious Hero's Pray'r,
And, *WILLIAM*, gave his chief peculiar Care,
To Bleſs, Redeem, and all his Virtues Heir.

But yet the promis'd Time was not compleat,
Nor did we yet deſerve a Gift ſo great;
Heav'n knew us blind, ungrateful, void of Thought;
Or how, to value Bleſſings, as we ought;
Thought how we adhus'd his *WILLIAM*, heretofore,
When he redeem'd us from a *Gallick* Pow'r,
Therefore kept back a while his bountious Hand,
Withdrew, yet pity'd a poor thoughtleſs Land,
And in Compaſſion to our Heroe's Shade,
[Too good for us, and late an Angel made]
Bleſt us with Conqueſts and Succeſsful War,
And made us, tho' ungrateful, ſtill his Care;
Till finding, that it all was but in vain,
That we were Suppliant, only when in Pain,
And ſoon forgot from whence our Reſcue came.
He ſoon grew weary, and revers'd our Doom,
And confluent Horrors ſoon ſupply'd its Room;

Nought but impending Dangers hover'd o'er,
And threaten'd wild Deſtruction ev'ry Hour.
Treaſon her ghaſtly Head Triumphant rear'd,
And *Rome*, with all her Pageant Rueful Train, appear'd;
Juſtice intrane'd, and Freedom gaſping lay,
Slavery, gauling Load! Eclips'd our Day,
And *Britain* was to Villains doom'd a Prey.

When Heaven, ſtill Compaſſionate and Good,
With Pity ſaw the coming baneful Flood,
Of *Romiſh* Faith, or wretched Martyr's Blood,
Saw there were ſome would *England's* Good aſſert,
And ſpight of Traytors take her injur'd Part;
That would poſtpone all Profits to her Good,
And think 'twas cheaply gain'd, though with their Blood.
For them alone, Heav'n ſtopp'd the falling Blow,
And all the opening Scene of endleſs Woe;
Once more a bleſt Redemption did diſpence,
Reſolv'd in *GEORGE* to ſhew its Providence.
Thus, heretofore Heav'n its Meſſiah gave,
When for their Sins Mankind was doom'd a Slave.

Reflect, my Muſe, then, what's to BOLTON due
Thoſe Patriots! thoſe ineſtimable few!
Who 'midſt of all theſe Dangers ſtill were true.

Their Honours from their Merits they deriv'd,
Titles, from Worth, not Baseness, they receiv'd,
From Actions truly Great, and not Device,
Despising Honours at so dear a Price
In vain were Bribes, for they were still the same,
And made their Country's Good their only aim.
Oh God-like Zeal! oh Stedfastness Divine!
How shall their worthy Names in Story shine!
Inspire Posterity, and unborn Youth!
And fire their Souls to Liberty and Truth!

Bolton! thy Name, amongst the first shall stand,
At once t' adorn, and tell your Rescu'd Land,
With what a bold undaunted Zeal you spoke,
And strove to break your sinking Country's Yoke!
The vain Pretender's Hopes at once dismay'd,
And boldly set a Fine upon his Head.
That Deed, shall live, till time it self's no more,
And teach the wondring remotest Shore,
Your Life to imitate, your Worth adore.

Methinks, I hear the Patriot thus bespeak,
And Fellow *Britons* from their slumbers wake,

No longer mourn, but drive away your Care,
Your great *Defender*, your *Redeemer's* near;

Tho'

Tho' *Villains* for a while our Fate command,
Enrich our Foes, and ſack our injur'd Land;
Great *GEORGE* will come, our Loſſes to reſtore,
And free our Country from a *Gallick* Pow'r.
No longer then, Deſpotick Tyrants fear,
Treaſon at Home, or threatning open War;
For, *He's Ordain'd, a Reſt, for all your Care.*
Scarce had he done, but joyful Day appear'd,
The Clouds were all diſpers'd, and trembling Traytors fear'd.

Thus monſt'rous *Villains*, at the Dead of Night,
Thinking themſelves ſecure from mortal Sight;
Deſtroy poor Wretches, as their lawful Prey,
And loaded with their Rapine, take their Way;
Till by the Sufferance of All-bounteous Heav'n,
Th' abandon'd *Miſcreants* are to *Juſtice* giv'n.

Soon joyful Ecchoes ſhew'd, our Griefs were o'er,
GEORGE ſafe was Landed on our Envy'd Shore;
That ne'er was bleſt but once with ſuch a Gift before:
Freedom, our Guardian Genius, rear'd her Head,
Juſtice, and Merits, all their Banners ſpread,
(No more of *Gallick* Intereſt afraid;)
And all exulting, ſhouted, with a Smile,
Here, Britain's a Reward for all your Toil;
The true Palladium *of your Envy'd Iſle.*

Joy

Joy, was in ev'ry honeſt Face, confeſt,
So much beyond their Thoughts, was ev'ry Subject, bleſt.

Should any then His Power dare diſown,
(For none unenvy'd ever wore a Crown,
And Legions once attempted Heav'n's Throne;
What Hardſhips ſhould we not with Pleaſure bear?
In His Defence, what Dangers could we fear?
No *Britain* ſure would ſhrink in Cauſe ſo dear.
Reſolv'd, to keep our Monarch on his Throne,
For Him, to conquer, or to be undone,
And all Pretenders to the laſt diſown.
The envying, wond'ring World, by Deeds we'd ſhew,
That, when our *Liberty* and *Right*'s in view,
In their Defence we ne'er too much can do.
Through Toils and Dangers, That ſhall ſpur us on,
And Death or Victory be our Aim alone;
Think, 'tis for *Liberty*, our *Rights*, and *Laws*,
When they're at Stake, *ſure none will ſtand to pauſe,*
Or dare to falter in ſo good a Cauſe.
What real Joy! what Pleaſure muſt it give!
(Far more than in ignoble Eaſe to live)
To hear our Fellow-Soldiers, envying, cry,
This, This, was He, who did not fear to dye,
And rather choſe to part *with Life, than Liberty.*

Oh noble generous Man! Oh greatly Brave!
He a true Inſtance of his Virtue gave!
Scorning to Live, when he muſt live a Slave!

But this is only, (ſhould there be a War)
To make us ready its Fatigues to bear;
Should Ill-deſigning Wretches, hurl'd from Pow'r,
Dare to diſturb the Throne they ought t'adore.
Heaven it ſelf, that *guards* our envy'd Iſle
On *GEORGE* and *Liberty* will ever ſmile.
For Heav'n, in ſending HIM to fill our Throne,
Gives us Aſſurance, we're the Elect alone.
Graciouſly granting Him to ſettle here,
Shews us, that we're its peculiar Care,
And gives us Taſtes of Bliſs, before we enter there.

The Joys of Heaven none could e'er define,
Language grows faint on Subjects ſo divine;
So, for a true Idea of our State,
How bleſt, how happy, how ſecure our Fate;
No Language e'er can reach a Theme ſo great.
In ſhort,
No Thought can e'er deſcribe, no Tongue expreſs
Our leaſt of Joys, our ſmalleſt Happineſs,
Nor of our Bleſſings, without taſting, gueſs.

But as an Inſtance of their Gratitude,
By Inſtinct conſcious of their general Good,
Poſterity, untaught, His Name ſhall bleſs,
And their firſt Words ſhall be, Oh Happineſs!
Bleſt *GEORGE!* Securer of our Rights and Peace!

Now *Britain* ſhall revive, again become
The Scourge of Tyrants, and inſulting *Rome*,
Who now muſt quit all Claims to *England*'s Crown,
And be infallible in this alone,
No *Papiſt* e'er ſhall fill *Britannia*'s Throne.

Now watchful Angels ſhall around us wait,
And guard, their chiefeſt Charge, our KING and STATE.
Whilſt we, the Envy of the World, become,
Fear'd for our Arms Abroad, like Ancient *Rome*,
And fam'd *for Honeſty and Truth at Home.*
In ſhort,
Merit ſhall only flouriſh, Diſcords end,
Or if hereafter any ſhould contend,
'Twill only be, (Oh Change compleatly Bleſt!)
Who Loves, who Honours, who Obeys HIM beſt.

FINIS.